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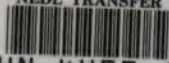
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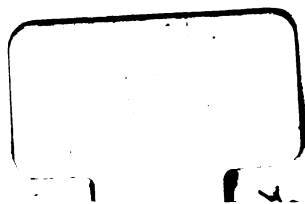


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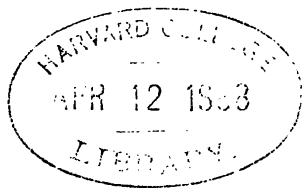
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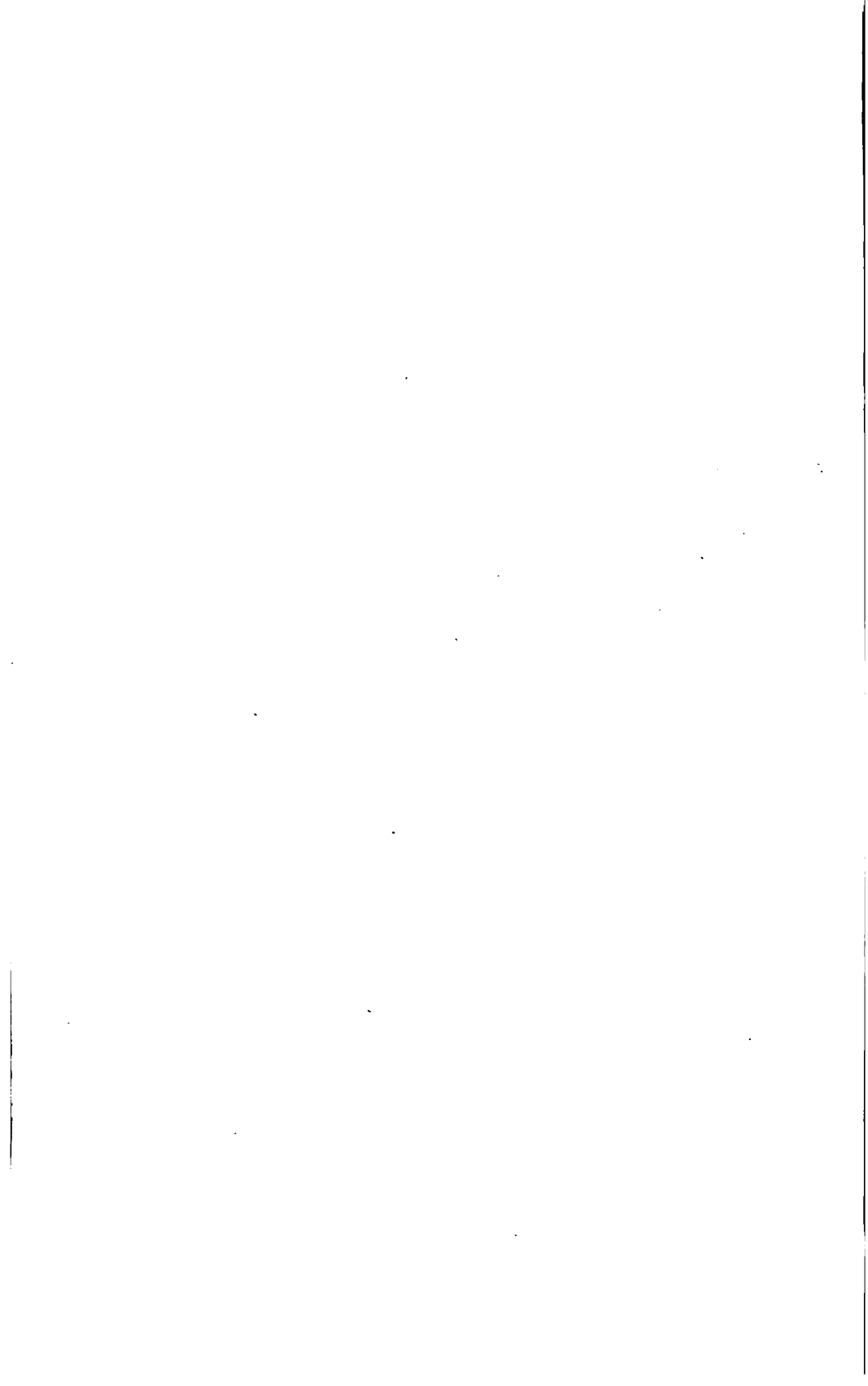
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A Sermon
IN MEMORY OF ASA GRAY.

By ALEXANDER McKENZIE.

PREACHED IN APPLETON CHAPEL, HARVARD COLLEGE,

FEBRUARY 12, 1888.



MEMORIAL SERMON.

FOR THOU, LORD, HAST MADE ME GLAD THROUGH THY WORK; I WILL TRIUMPH IN THE WORKS OF THY HANDS. — Psalm xcii. 4.

THIS was a psalm or song for the Sabbath Day. Thus the title runs. Some man whose heart was made glad as he thought upon the doings of Jehovah in nature and providence lifted up his voice in this rejoicing. He has not left his name upon his song. But we can write upon it a name familiar and beloved; of a man endeared to this place and this service; in whose meditation and upon whose lips was this grateful acknowledgment: Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands. It was a life abounding in joy and great in accomplishment which has reached its fulfilment and has passed from our sight into the eternal years. It is fitting that we pause for an hour and take counsel with our own thoughts, if we may know what it was which gave to him the happiness which we have seen so long, and the victory of which we are assured. We feel even now the restraint of his quiet and humble presence. Yet I may borrow the words which he used when he paid his tribute to a man of like spirit, the companion of his studies, the friend of his heart. Of Jeffries Wyman he said, "His own perfect truthfulness and nice

sense of justice, and the benefit to be derived from the contemplation of such a character by way of example, may be our warrant for reasonable freedom in the expression of our judgments and our sentiments."

I have asked others of his history and his work and the manner of his life, and what has been told I have sought to combine with what I knew into one presentation of the man whom I have admired and loved and served, whose friendship was a delight, whose confidence was honor, whose instruction was wisdom and truth.

When we stand before such a man as Asa Gray, and think upon his character and career, the thoughts turn to his earliest days, that we may know what the beginning was. The family of Gray is of Scotch-Irish descent, and is found among the heroic emigrants to this country in the early part of the last century. The grandfather of our friend, a large man with a large mind, in 1793 journeyed on horseback from his home in Vermont to the Sauquoit valley in the township of Paris and the State of New York, which was then the West. He took with him his son Moses, a boy eight years old.

In the same year Joseph Howard, of English descent, removed from Massachusetts, and in peril was ferried across the wide Hudson and joined the few families in the new settlement at Sauquoit. He, too, was a large man, enterprising and far-seeing, fitted to be one of the makers of a town. The hamlet soon had its school, which he fostered, and its church, in which he held the high office of deacon, or elder, until the end of his life. Sixteen years after their meeting these two households were united in the marriage of Moses Gray and Roxana Howard. He was a shoemaker, tanner, farmer, taking into his useful callings the industry and patience which insured his suc-

cess. They were both of substantial character, intelligent, refined, religious; knowing the value of good books and the importance of learning; building their house upon the foundation of virtue and piety.

The energy and quickness of the one and the gentleness and serenity of the other became the joint inheritance of the son, who was the first-born of their eight children. It was a household in which every one was of use. The boy gave to his father such help as he could, and drove the laggard horse in his weary round, grinding the bark for the tanning. "A lonely and monotonous occupation" it was to him, and to the man who looked back upon it. The father lived to see his son a professor in this college, and the mother to enjoy his eminence. He was a bright boy, lively, mischievous, eager to learn, winning the prize of a spelling-book when he was two or three years old, and rewarding himself as the messenger of a circulating library, by reading, as he lay at the roadside, the books which he was bearing from neighbor to neighbor. He remembered himself as an omnivorous reader, and recalled hours which he spent at the village inn, where some one read aloud to a group of eager listeners, no one more eager than the unnoticed boy. We can imagine the delight with which he greeted the *Waverley Novels*, with their mystery and charm, as they came in the process of his youthful years. History, and especially voyages and travels, interested him, and he enjoyed Shakspeare and Byron. It was not a very narrow training which he received, and the rarity of books enhanced their value. Reading gave him the greater part of his earlier education. The scholastic opportunities of the neighborhood were soon exhausted, and at eleven he was sent to a boarding-school at Clinton and then to the academy at Fairfield. The

young farmer in a new country, in justice to the demands of his business, could not well carry the boy through college. He became a student of medicine in a medical school and with a physician of high repute, and at twenty-one received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. But not in that profession was his work to be done. There was a little harmless practice, but his mind was looking towards other things. Yet he always felt that his medical studies had been a good preparation for those which were to follow. Some honor and gratitude came to him long afterwards when, in going up the Nile, he prescribed for hapless people who fell in his way, to receive their admiration upon his return.

His mind turned to Nature, to the works of the Lord in flowers and trees, and the life which made the meadows and the forests. His rambles when a boy, his long drives with the physician whose student he was, brought him close to the world in which he was to live. Happening one winter upon Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia, he read the article on botany, and his career opened before him, though he knew it not. When the snows were gone he found looking out from among the dead leaves of the woods a tiny flower which had new meaning for him. Turning the instructive pages of Eaton's Manual, he found the flower and its name, *Claytonia Virginica*, — the Spring Beauty, — and his life work was begun. Soon he made a collection of plants; and finding himself beyond his books, he sent his specimens to Dr. Torrey in New York City that they might be named.

Presently his enterprising thoughts took hold upon stones and he came to have even more fondness for mineralogy, and he made a collection of minerals to match his collection of plants. Indeed, his mind was alert for all

knowledge. Even while a student he taught chemistry with natural history, in a school at Utica. He never lost his interest in the sciences which were related to that in which he was to acquire his fame. But the guidance which he recognized in the works of the Divine hands was bestowed upon his life. The way was marked out before his willing feet.

In 1838 he became the assistant of Dr. John Torrey, the professor of chemistry in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. But Dr. Torrey was already advanced in the studies which were to make him in his time the chief of American botanists. It was not long before Dr. Gray was associated with him in the work which was to be his own great accomplishment, the elaboration of the Flora of North America. At this critical point it is instructive to mark the character of him under whose influence the young man was brought. Happily we have the picture of the master drawn by the scholar. He was "earnest, indefatigable and able. As an investigator he was characterized by a scrupulous accuracy and a remarkable fertility of mind." His was "a singularly transparent, genial, delicate and conscientious, unselfish character, which beautified and fructified a most industrious and useful life, and won the affection of all who knew him." His biographers "cannot fail to notice his thorough love of truth for its own sake, and his entire confidence that the legitimate results of scientific inquiry would never be inimical to the Christian religion, which he held with an untroubled faith, and illustrated, most naturally and unpretendingly, in all his life and conversation." As you hear these words you forget of whom they were written. Clearly it was something more than botanical studies which the young man pursued under the

auspices and direction of the master who called him to be his associate. To this personal and professional influence must be added that of the wife of Dr. Torrey, — a woman of strong religious belief and earnest life, who became the wise and helpful friend of the young man whose promise she discerned, for whom she sought the things which are highest and best. He had reason to triumph, as he did, in the work of the Lord which was wrought by her hands. Entering upon his duties with ardor and delight, he entered readily and gladly into the communion of the church, and felt within himself and formed with the world of truth and duty the fellowship which was never interrupted.

Thus step by step he was led in the line of his own preference, and established in the service of the science to which his life was devoted. He remained for a few years in New York, in the Medical College and the Lyceum of Natural History, pursuing his studies under the happiest conditions. He soon began to write, finding much of his material in his own State. In 1836 he published the "Elements of Botany," a work of clearness and vigor, in which he showed the independence and maturity of his thought and the breadth of his attainments. The method of this early treatise he retained in his later Botanical Text-Book, which has been so widely used in this country and in England. In the same year he began his contributions to the American Journal of Science and Arts, of which he became assistant editor, and then associate editor. About this time he was appointed as botanist to the Wilkes Exploring Expedition; but the delay in setting out, and other causes, led him to decline the appointment. Then the new University of Michigan elected him Professor of Botany and Zoölogy. He accepted the proffered

office, and rendered good service in Europe in selecting books for the library. But the university was hardly more than a plan, and he did not enter on the work of instruction. His visit to Europe had been of great advantage to himself, as he met the leading men in his own profession, and examined the treasures which they had collected. It was a noble inspiration for him, with his open eyes and ears and eager mind, to meet, in the friendship of common pursuits, such men as the Hookers, Robert Brown, the De Candolles, Decaisne, St. Hilaire, Von Martius. This was rare pleasure; but it also increased his equipment for his own career.

His whole thought was enlarged by this visit abroad. He saw, for the first time, the great works of men in painting, in sculpture and architecture, and he brought the larger world home in his expanding thoughts. Yet he never forgot that he was a workman in a busy world. Whether at home or abroad, his mind was on the North American Flora, which he was enriching with all his resources. In 1840 and 1843 the first two volumes were finished. It was for a later time and a larger knowledge to make a new beginning, and carry the work towards its still receding end.

The time had come for his settling down, and in 1842 he became the Fisher Professor of Natural History in this college. The man and the place had met, and each was suited to the other. Natural history then was a wide and elastic domain. It was supposed that the new professor would teach all which could find place under the general designation. It is to his credit that he satisfied those who had called him, while yet he confined his teaching to the one subject of botany. It is interesting to see who were here when he came to his new duties. It is an imposing

list of names. Josiah Quincy was president. After him came Henry Ware, James Jackson, John C. Warren, Joseph Story, Simon Greenleaf, Jacob Bigelow, James Walker, Jared Sparks, Henry W. Longfellow, Cornelius C. Felton, Benjamin Peirce. Of the instructors of that day but one is now among us. Long may it be before he joins his illustrious associates! Into this company came Asa Gray, in the thirty-second year of his age. In his own department he found an opportunity, and little besides. The Botanic Garden was founded with the Massachusetts Professorship of Natural History in 1805, and William D. Peck was appointed professor. After his death, Thomas Nuttall, a distinguished English botanist, who had been for several years in this country, was put in charge of the establishment. After his resignation the garden was in the charge of William Carter, the gardener, and instruction in botany was given by Dr. Harris, the librarian of the college, and Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston. Then in 1805, after these broken years, the new chair was established by Dr. Joshua Fisher, and the "young botanist of extraordinary activity" was made its first incumbent. It is clear that the department of botany was to be constructed. There was no herbarium or library, "or any proper material for instruction or research," and the funds were entirely insufficient for the work which was to be done. Let me tell, in the concise words of another, what that work was. He "entered on all the duties with zeal, directed the affairs of the garden, conducted the stated instruction in the most lucid and winning manner, freely offered the hospitality of his study to such students as were anxious to learn more about botany than they could acquire in the formal course of lectures, gathered a vast herbarium, carried on an enormous correspondence with

promptness, answered all social demands with unfailing courtesy, and, with all this, found time for three different classes of work." Dr. Gray continued in the active duties of his Professorship until 1873, when he retired from the work of instruction and the care of the garden, that he might devote his time to the Flora. I cannot write the story of the forty-five busy years which made up his Cambridge life. Others, more competent, will do that at their leisure. Yet I may avail myself of the classification of his extra-mural work, which has been made by one of those who have entered into his labors. First should be placed the great work of his life, the Synoptical Flora of North America, which engaged his earliest and his latest studies, "the most pressing want of the science," "the greatest *desideratum* in botanical science;" a work which he was permitted to carry far towards its completion, and to intrust, with the rapidly increasing material, to hands which are qualified to continue it.

Next in order should be set his "educational treatises," which cover a wide range of instruction, which the child can use as he crosses the field, and they who adorn their summer days with the study of Nature, and the scholar who ponders the problems of physical life, and all who would have knowledge of trees, "from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The books have gone through the world which they have illustrated, whose secret things they have revealed to men. He could reason with the masters in their own words, and he could talk with the children. It was a part of his greatness to be able to present the truths of science in a form which was accurate, simple, and interesting, and countless is the multitude of those who have learned from him.

To all this should be added his lectures in many places, and his other writings of many kinds, in which he has been the expositor of science to the people, collecting and stating its discoveries, and registering its changes and advances; weighing and measuring its books, and giving his judgment to the world; studying the lives of its men, and presenting them in his light, that they might be known of all. He stood in the world of science to translate its facts and forms into the thought and language of the people.

When we remember that his teaching was in large measure given to teachers, we gain an idea of the extent of an influence which will repeat itself through the years that are to come. We must think, also, of his membership in learned societies, of his ten years as president of the American Academy, of his service as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and as a regent of the Smithsonian Institution. For with him to hold an office was to recognize and discharge its obligations.

For the sake of his science he was a traveller. In 1872 he summed up his work in this way: "Although I have cultivated the field of North American botany with some assiduity for more than forty years, and have reviewed our vegetable hosts, and assigned, to no small number of them their names and their place in the ranks, yet, so far as our own wide country is concerned, I have been to a great extent a closet botanist. Until this summer I had not seen the Mississippi, nor set foot on a prairie." Then he "made a pilgrimage across the continent," and "sought and viewed in their native haunts many a plant and flower which for" him had there bloomed unseen. He walked in the noble forests of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast

Ranges, in the groves of Mariposa and Calaveras, and stood in the shade of the Sequoias, and smiled at the names which sought immortality upon their trunks, and wondered if the "big trees" were "veritable Melchizedeks, without pedigree or early relationship, and possibly fated to be without descent." In later years he wandered among the Rocky Mountains, in choice companionship, revelling in the freedom of the untrodden world, exalted by the grand forms of Nature, happy and sportive as a boy, and putting younger men to shame by his climbing upon the heights. The best picture which we have presents him sitting upon the grass under the trees, with his friends around him, and his face radiant with pleasure.

He visited the Alleghanies, where he had roamed in his youth, and sought there, and in Florida and Mexico and Canada, both rest from his official duties and materials for his boundless work. Three times he went to the Pacific coast. Again and again he crossed the ocean, for his personal and professional advantage, carrying and leaving as much good as he brought away. It was given to him in his last years once more to visit Europe, to cheer by his presence the many who welcomed him, to look upon familiar places, to enlarge his wealth of knowledge, and to gain refreshment for the labors which granted him brief release. When he came again to his home, he brought delightful memories, and ardor, and hope, and the promise of added years of happiness and usefulness. No one thought that so soon his hand was to lose its cunning, and his lips their voice.

I cannot give a catalogue of Dr. Gray's works; but there are one or two of which it is fitting to speak here. In 1854 he published in a large quarto volume the Botany of the Wilkes Expedition, with a collection of a hundred

magnificent plates. Thus he became the historian and interpreter of the exploration in which he was to have borne his part.

Another work, which he regarded as of special importance, was upon the relations of the Japanese Flora to that of North America. This has been called his "most remarkable contribution to science. It at once raised him to the very highest rank among philosophical naturalists" and made him widely known in both continents. He showed with his great skill the similarity of the two Floras, and traced them to a "common origin at the far north in tertiary times," and pointed out their distribution along many meridians. These views were novel and bold, but they have secured the general assent of naturalists. The subject was of great interest to him. In looking over the titles of his addresses before the Thursday Club of Cambridge, I find that in three different years he spoke upon the Flora of Japan.

We are brought now to a very interesting part of Dr. Gray's life. His connection with Mr. Darwin deserves a fuller treatment than can be given to it here. Yet even a layman can comprehend its scientific importance. In April, 1855, we find Mr. Darwin writing to Dr. Gray, to whom he had been introduced at Kew, asking for information regarding American Alpine plants. This was the opening of a long correspondence, in which the English naturalist continued to seek information, which was freely given, and acknowledged with profuse thanks and hearty admiration. In an early letter Mr. Darwin opens up the matter upon which he is working: "Nineteen years ago it occurred to me that while otherwise employed on Natural History, I might, perhaps, do good if I noted every sort of facts bearing on the question of the origin of species,

and this I have since been doing." In 1859 he published his book on the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, and a copy was promptly sent to Dr. Gray with a request that the weakest and best parts of the work should be pointed out. Very soon we find him writing to Dr. Gray: "To receive the approval of a man whom one has long sincerely respected, and whose judgment and knowledge are most universally admitted, is the highest reward an author can possibly wish for; and I thank you heartily for your most kind expressions." In a few weeks a review of the book by Dr. Gray appeared in the American Journal of Science and Arts. Charmed with the fairness of the work, and struck with the eminent ability of the author, the reviewer attempted, without prejudice or prepossession, to give a fair account of the method and argument of the treatise, with a few suggestions of his own. Upon the merits of the book the scientific world was left to pronounce. So impartial was this notice that Mr. Darwin wrote: "I do not class your review by any means as opposed, though you think so yourself. It has done me *much* too good service ever to appear in that rank in my eyes."

The idea of the variability of species was not altogether new; but it made no marked impression until there was connected with it the hypothesis of natural selection under the law of the survival of the fittest. This theory, offered by Darwin and Wallace, was full of suggestion. It was immediately helpful to Dr. Gray, who had found in the ordinary idea of the fixity of species no satisfactory explanation of the facts which he observed. The theory had been anticipated, in some measure, but it had not before asserted itself with sufficient force to be accepted as a probable solution of pressing scientific questions. "Al-

though mere speculations were mostly discountenanced by the investigating naturalists of that day, yet their work and their thoughts were, consciously or unconsciously, tending in the direction of evolution." In the form in which this was presented by Darwin, the waiting, expectant mind of the American botanist, "not wholly unprepared for it," hailed it for its light and promise of light. He found it "a good working hypothesis." He became its generous advocate when it needed the boldness of assurance to proclaim and defend what was both novel and of portentous import. On the side of science and of theology the opposition was strong, and a strong champion was required. "The battle rages furiously in the United States," wrote Mr. Darwin to Sir Joseph Hooker. "Gray says he was preparing a speech which would take one and a half hours to deliver. He is fighting splendidly." To Dr. Gray he wrote, referring to an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "You will be weary of my praise, but it does strike me as quite admirably argued and so well and pleasantly written. Your many metaphors are inimitably good. I said in a former letter that you were a lawyer, but I made a gross mistake. I am sure that you are a poet." Then he tells him that he is a lawyer, poet, naturalist, and theologian all in one. Later he added, "You are a born reviewer." The mind of Dr. Gray was cautious and conservative; yet it was neither blind nor timid. These were characteristic sentences: "You can seldom sound with the plummet while standing on the shore. To do this to any purpose, you must launch out on the sea, and brave some risks. Nearly all valuable results have been gained in this way." His courage and carefulness were worthy of science. Men confided in his discretion and therefore trusted his opinion. So quick was his discernment that

he was able to write to Mr. Darwin: "The moment I understood your premises, I felt sure you had a real foundation to build on. Well, if one admits your premises, I do not see how he is to stop short of your conclusions, as a probable hypothesis at least." A few months afterwards we find Mr. Darwin writing: "Can you tell me whether you believe further or more firmly than you did at first? I should really like to know this." Finally Dr. Gray described himself as "one who is scientifically, and in his own fashion, a Darwinian." But, he added, "philosophically a convinced theist, and religiously an acceptor of the creed commonly called the Nicene, as the exponent of the Christian faith." In his mind these things were in entire agreement. If it was possible to hold the new theory and all which it involved without any thought of Providence, it was rational to hold it with the faith of a Christian. To understand more clearly the methods of Nature in no wise disturbed his knowledge of Him who is before and within Nature.

Mr. Darwin wrote to Dr. Gray, "I grieve to say that I cannot honestly go as far as you do about design. I cannot think that the world, as we see it, is the result of chance, and yet I cannot look at each separate thing as the result of design. . . . With respect to the theological view of the question. This is always painful to me. I am bewildered." Yet he was willing to say, with regard to the action of plants, "In almost every case we can clearly perceive the final purpose or advantage of the several movements." In writing to Sir Joseph Hooker he speaks of "Asa Gray's doctrine that each variation has been specially ordered or led along a beneficial line." Yes, that was Asa Gray's doctrine. He advised his friend "so long as gradatory, orderly, and adapted forms in

Nature argue design, and at least while the physical cause of variation is utterly unknown and mysterious, to assume, in the philosophy of his hypothesis," the leading of a divine hand. He believed that he had been led from the time when he found the Spring Beauty in the woods to the day when in two continents men were sitting at his feet. He believed "that, in the future even more than in the past, faith in an *order*, which is the basis of science, will not—as it cannot reasonably—be dissevered from faith in an *Ordainer*, which is the basis of religion." He repeated with approval the words which Aristotle handed down, from "the primitive and very ancient men, . . . that the *Divine* it is which holds together all Nature."

This was the confidence of the man who introduced among us the new theory of change, which for its widespread recognition is largely indebted to the naturalist whom the world admired, and the Christian whom it trusted. Out of an ample belief he spoke, and men hearkened and believed. Himself was his best argument.

From this incomplete survey of a portion of his works we come again to the man, to look once more at his spirit and method and force. It was a life in large dimensions. Nature had dealt generously with him, and from none of her gifts and proffers did he turn away. He preferred a solid to a sectional completeness, and believed that in study it is unscientific to despair or disown, as in life it is irrational to erect barriers in the way of thought and faith. Hence he was inquisitive and patient. He asked all the questions he could think of, and waited for the answer. To him the lily which he prized was not of more account than the mind which could consider how it grows, and discern the Providence which sustains and directs its life. The heavens declared the glory of God, and the earth showed His handiwork.

Strength and thoroughness entered into his work. His thought and speech were vigorous and efficient. He was mighty with words. He framed his reasoning with wonderful skill. "Every single word seems weighed carefully and tells like a 32-pound shot," Darwin wrote to him. It is said that he would have been a good physician, but that he seemed designed for a lawyer or a judge. The passion for discussion was strong in him. In a merry humor he gave as his favorite pursuits botany and arguing. He wrote often in a sportive vein, and said "that an argument may not be the less sound or an exposition less effective for being playful." He thought good temper shows that a man has confidence in his own arguments. He was keen and pointed in debate. One wrote of his "polished stiletto of a pen." He was persistent and ingenious. Quick, impatient, it was hard for him to wait upon the leisure sentences of his opponent, and often he would provoke him with interruptions, comments thrown into the stream of his discourse. Fond of disputation, he yet separated himself from his plea, and carried from the forum no resentment. In the class-room no one was so patient and forbearing.

He was accurate in his speech, and held others to exactness. He used the Latin of scholars; but he had no censure for the people who prefer English names and accents for their flowers.

He was of simple ways, kindly, hospitable. His heart was tender and sensitive, rich in sympathy and helpfulness. He loved his home and made it bright with his presence, and he carried his affection with him into other homes. He loved his country, studied its affairs, cherished its interests, and was its steadfast defender when it needed a bold loyalty. But he had friends in all countries. All

lands had treasures for him, in Nature and in art. He loved the great presentments which art has made. He enjoyed the cathedrals, with their high arches and storied windows and saintly memories. He loved the simple village church. He admired the forests and loved the primrose and the violet. The loftiest peak of our Rocky Mountains bears his name, and the lily of the southern valley. He liked the grand tones of the organ, and the sound of the human voice, passing "from harmony to harmony, through all the compass of the notes."

Nature seemed to answer to his love. He knew the strange faces of her household, and his intuition called them by their names. From the scant and withered blossom and fruit in Paris he created the hidden plant of our own hills. In his hands the flowers which he plucked dropped into their places in the order of their beauty, as if they felt the witchery of his deft fingers.

With his perfect health he could keep long hours in long years. Always busy, he had leisure for a friend, and an hour for a stranger who needed him. He was a man for children to trust and love. In the serious letters to his English compeer were sent postage stamps for a sick child. The boy raised himself on his elbow to look at them and said only, "You must thank Professor Gray awfully." Many did that.

No work was too humble, if it was good work. When one said that he should not spend his days making school-books, he answered, "I make them nights."

He wrote his letters with his own pen, and made them of double worth. You felt the touch of the friendly hand.

Honors were lavished upon him ; but he remained the same plain man, quiet, gentle, meek, and pure, the more

endeared to his friends while the more admired of the world. Honest he was, truthful, sincere, unaffected, with nothing to conceal, unless it were his greatness. He saw no waste in Nature, and would have none in himself, but made even his smile a benison. Cheerful in heart, like other scholars around us, he was happy in his life. Gracious were its conditions. He knew that he had been "led along beneficial lines." He said, "I never wanted anything but, when I was ready for it, it came to me."

He believed, as the Catechism teaches, that when a man is glorifying God, it is his privilege to enjoy him, and in this portion of the forever. It seemed to him a happy thing to have his years increase upon him. When his old master, Dr. Torrey, went to Florida, "he was rallied for having gone to seek Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth. 'No,' said he, 'give me the fountain of Old Age. The longer I live, the more I enjoy life.'" So to his scholar the evil days never came when he could say, "I have no pleasure in them." He consented to enjoy life to its quiet close. "I do not call death sad." He thought it was "an open door to an eternal morning."

His life answered to the promise in the psalm: "He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

He is gone. "But nothing can bereave him of the force he made his own, being here." It is not strange that he drew men to him. "I have been glad to see A. Gray's letters," Darwin wrote to Hooker; "there is always something in them that shows that he is a very lovable man." When he was seventy-five years old, as men reckon years, there fell upon his heart, like November snow-flakes on the pines, words of love and greeting from out all the

land. They who called themselves after his name told him of their love ; told him what he had done for them, how he had opened their paths through the world, and had given them cheer and strength. They blessed him and prayed for blessings. They cast their precious thoughts into a silver vase, and set upon it flowers and plants which knew him. The surprise of love made more glad a grateful heart which heard many voices singing in unison : —

“ Just fate, prolong his life, well spent,
Whose indefatigable hours
Have been as gayly innocent
And fragrant as his flowers.”

Into his deepest thoughts we may not enter ; yet in his own words we can read his mind and heart. The faith of his boyhood broadened into the faith of his manhood, but was true to itself in all its course. He enjoyed books of theology, and studied the questions of religious philosophy with the keenest delight. He was called to be the instructor of theologians, and with absorbing interest they hung upon his words, to have darkness changed to light, and fear to confidence, as he opened his commentary on science and religion. He entered the church here when he entered the college, and he taught in its school. He was faithful and reverent in its services. He read the Holy Scriptures, while he said, “ It cannot be that in all these years we have learned nothing new of their meaning and uses to us, and have nothing still to learn ; nor can it be that we are not free to use what we learn in one line of study to limit, correct, or remodel the ideas which we obtain from another.” He was happy when in the East he found illustration of the Book, as the shepherd going before his flock, which knew him and followed him. But

his own life gave him continual illustration of its precepts. He felt that "as brethren uniting in a common worship, we may honorably, edifyingly, and wisely use that which we should not have formulated, but may on due occasion qualify." As he held that "revelation in its essence concerns things moral and spiritual," so did he hold that the essentials of worship are spirit and truth. He believed "that revelation culminated, and for us most essentially consists, in the advent of a Divine Person, who, being made man, manifested the Divine Nature in union with the human; and that this manifestation constitutes Christianity."

Thus he made up his life of accomplishment and piety, "with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people." It was good preparation for the years which have no end. The snow was white about his grave, and the wintry sky was clear and cloudless over it, when we laid him to his rest, with the living green around him. We knew he was not there. "For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands."

I take from his friend's bier these friendly lines to lay upon his own : —

"The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the Many, honored by the Few;
Nothing to count in World, or Church, or State,
But inwardly in secret to be great;
To feel mysterious Nature ever new,
To touch, if not to grasp, her endless clew,
And learn by each discovery how to wait;
To widen knowledge and escape the praise;
Wisely to teach, because more wise to learn;
To toil for Science, not to draw men's gaze,
But for her lore of self-denial stern;
That such a man could spring from our decays
Fans the soul's nobler faith until it burn."

He sprang "from our decays" because he felt immortality. In its presence he gathered up his purposes and desires, and went his way in trust, assured that the Eternal had imparted "the gift of eternal life." He believed. He knew the constancy of truth, and he liked the creed which the faith of centuries has hallowed. With what words shall we take leave of him but those in which he made his own confession:—

I BELIEVE IN ONE GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF
HEAVEN AND EARTH, AND OF ALL THINGS VISIBLE AND
INVISIBLE:

AND IN ONE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

AND I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST, THE LORD AND GIVER
OF LIFE.

AND I LOOK FOR THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD, AND
THE LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME. AMEN.

Order of Funeral Services

IN APPLETON CHAPEL,

FEB. 2, 1888.

CHANT.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

HYMN.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ADDRESS.

REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

PRAYER.

HYMN.

BENEDICTION.

FUNERAL SERVICES

AT APPLETON CHAPEL, FEB. 2, 1888.

Selections

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

LORD, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or a watch in the night. As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a dream, and fade away suddenly like the grass : in the morning it is green, and groweth up ; but in the evening it is cut

down, dried up, and withered. The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

WHO shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

AND now, behold, I am gray-headed . . . and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? or whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?

FOR the memorial of virtue is immortal; because it is known with God and with men. When it is present men take example at it, and when it is gone they desire it; it weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

THEIR bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth forevermore.

WHEN I went out through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street, the young men saw me, and hid themselves, and the aged arose, and stood up. When the

ear heard me, then it blessed me : and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. I put on righteousness and it clothed me. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor : and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

UNTO me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. After my words they spake not again ; and my speech dropped upon them. And they waited for me as for the rain ; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding : for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her ; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

WISDOM is glorious and never fadeth away. Yea, she is easily seen of them that love her and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her in making herself known unto them. Whoso seeketh her early shall have no great travail, for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think upon her is perfection, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care ; for she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her ; she meeteth them in every thought.

AND he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be

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comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

CONSIDER the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?

EVERY tree is known by his own fruit: a good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Whosoever cometh to me and heareth my sayings and doeth them I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built a house and digged deep and laid the foundation on a rock, and when the flood arose the stream beat vehemently upon that house and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock.

THEN he that had received the ten talents came and said, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me ten talents. Behold, I have gained beside them ten talents more." His Lord said unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoso liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

THEY shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

AND there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain : for the former things are passed away.

IF ye live after the flesh, ye shall die ; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For to be carnally minded is Death ; but to be spiritually minded is Life and Peace.

WHAT shall we say, then, to these things ? I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

WHEREFORE comfort one another with these words.

WE do not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn the dying out of noble powers ;
The clearer eye of faith should see, in all
Earth's seeming loss, the seed of Heaven's flowers.

Truth needs no champions : in the infinite deep
Of everlasting Soul her strength abides ;
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength, undying, tides.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;
 Thereby a law of Nature it became,
 And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
 When he who called it forth is but a name.

And often, from that other world, on this
 Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
 To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
 And clothe the Truth with lustre more divine.

Thou art not idle : in thy higher sphere
 Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
 And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
 Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

NOTE. — These lines, from Lowell's "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing," are here printed with some slight changes from the original.

Remarks

BY REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.

IT is well that we can catch glimpses of Jerusalem the golden, the

" Sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect."

They are a large company who through these gates have been passing on, "seeking after a country of their own." As we wait, watching and thinking, we find no place for words. Every heart is busy making its own memorial of the simple and truthful life which has come to its great transition. We feel the restraint of his presence, as if his hand were raised to forbid our praise. Happily, we know what he would be willing to have us say, with him in our thoughts, if it could be said sincerely.

When it was for him, as it is now for me, to speak of one whom he had admired and loved, at the close of his tribute to his companion in study and in all the intimacies of life, he repeated the words of the Psalm, and said that they were appropriate: The heavens declare the glory of God; and the Beatitudes, which his friend had exemplified: Blessed are the meek; Blessed are the peacemakers; Blessed are the merciful; Blessed are the pure in heart. It is well that we can repeat what he repeated, and in our turn say Blessed and Blessed.

Standing in all the sorrow of this hour, conscious that a great heart and a noble presence have passed from our side; while the University mourns a scholar, and the Church a brother, and the world a man, it is well that with sincere and triumphant tones we too can say, Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

This hour is consecrated to life. If we call it by another name, every memory of him, every hope, reproves us. We have only seen him living. We never saw him falter, or marked a weary step or a trembling hand. His eye was not dim, his force was not diminished. We see again the gleaming eye, the illumined face, the agile step; we hear the sweet, serious, playful voice; we mark the abundant life which was incarnate in him, the immortality which was his chief possession; and we know that he has felt the power of the endless years.

His whole business was with life. He made covenant with it in his youth, and his manhood sealed it with his own signet. Through all his many days he honored the agreement. He was in communion with life and revelled in it. He saw it at his feet in the grass and above his head in the cedars. He saw the glory of the Lord in the heavens, and his providence in the flowers. He was the

companion of Nature. He read her thoughts, and understood her language, and became her interpreter. She confided to him her history and her purposes. Therefore with life he gladdened and enriched every life which he touched. He increased the vital learning of these schools. He enlarged the living wealth of the world. He brought men close to Nature and to God, and made us feel — the child and the man — that the kingdom of God is among us. All this was of himself. His was not the beauty of the king, to be put on and put off like the royal robes ; but of the lily, whose beauty is in the tissue and fragrance of the flower. Into his open heart the heavens and the earth poured their treasures which he made his own, and dispensed for every man's advantage.

“He asked life of Thee, Thou gavest it him ; Even length of days for ever and ever.”

His works and his words remain ; yet he has carried his riches with him beyond “the splendid stars.” Few men have left so much, and so much which can never be outgrown ; few have borne away so much. Some grand employment there must be for a mind and heart with such training ; some use for the truth he made his own while he was here. He had not exhausted the earth ; and, behold, the heavens lie before him, where he walks by the river of water of life, beneath the tree of life bearing twelve manner of fruit, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.”

“It must be,” he said, “that the Eternal can alone impart the gift of eternal life.” But he had been found of the Eternal, and his willing heart had heard the voice of the Life, — Because I live, ye shall live.

In this faith let us greet him who never became old, as he enters on his immortal youth, while again we say after him: Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Hymn.

O THOU true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day, —

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.



An Address

AT THE COLLEGE VESPER SERVICE

ON THE DAY OF THE

FUNERAL OF ASA GRAY.

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

THE SIMPLICITY WHICH IS IN CHRIST.

IT is but a few hours since many of us were gathered here at the funeral of a great man. He was, beyond dispute, the most widely known of all our scholars, — not alone in the circles of highest learning throughout the world, but in the still larger circle of popular interest and modest studies; and it is impossible to turn to any thought this afternoon but one associated with his memory. This is not the time for any careful analysis of his greatness; but it is a time to pause for a moment in the midst of our varied and absorbing pursuits, and consider what it was that gave this greatness its peculiar charm.

When I try to strike the note of this gracious character, one Bible verse keeps repeating itself in my mind. It is the appeal of Paul to his brethren, that their minds should not be "corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." What gave this great man of science an almost unique power over students, fellow-scientists, neighbors, and friends, was the impression of his single-mindedness and his simplicity, a peculiar childlikeness and guilelessness and naturalness of mind, — traits which, in these days of pretentious learning and inflated self-assertion, seem almost inconsistent with greatness. He was a man of the Beatitudes and of the childlike temper. No one could come

into any relation with this life without this impression of its simplicity. It was the quality that gave lucidity to his literary style, straightforwardness to his scientific controversies, singleness of mind to his pursuits, and humility and reverence to his religion.

And now, we ask ourselves, what is it that, in the growth of learning and reputation, can keep a man in this uncorrupted simplicity? How is it that a man is not ensnared in his own greatness, so as to grow artificial, self-important, and without simplicity? Evidently, if a man is thinking of himself and his career, of his reputation and of his results, and if thus the world of his thought revolves round himself, he cannot have this endowment of simplicity. For the largest thing which concerns him is himself; and the magnitude of that centre of his system must show itself in pretence, affectation, and self-esteem. But that which gives a man simplicity is the discovery of ends and motives infinitely larger than himself,—the sense of unattained truth, mysterious and compelling, and making all the truth thus far attained seem insignificant; the sense of duty, great and overshadowing, which makes the duty thus far done seem slight and insufficient. Once let these great ideals get control of life, and all the sense of self-importance and attainment drops away. It is like a planet, which might think itself great, and find in itself the centre of its orbit, and then become aware of a larger centre round which its smaller life naturally revolves. It is the transition from what we may call the Ptolemaic to what we may call the Copernican view of life,—the discovery of the great ideas and great ends toward which the single mind was meant to gravitate. That is what makes greatness humble and simple. To live in the presence of great truths, to be dealing with eternal laws,

to be led by permanent ideals, — that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him. It is the discovery of the relative magnitude of things. That which is known or done seems much to those who look at it, but it seems little to him whose eyes are fixed on the completed truth and the perfect system.

So it was with this man who passes from among us to-day. He was reverent and unspoiled, because he lived in the presence of great ends. He had simplicity, because he had no other ends to gain. Simplicity means straightforwardness; and a life is straightforward when it sees a commanding end of life, and moves toward it. If there are many competing ends, then life is complex. If the end of life and work is clear and commanding, then life is made simple. Thus it was with this great teacher. He knew to how great an end he had given himself, and in the presence of that end there was nothing natural for him but humility and simplicity. Three years ago, he said to me that at seventy-five a man came to the happiest time of his life, "because there were so many things of which he could afford to be ignorant." More and more clear, that is to say, the end of his life had grown to him; and it simplified all his living.

Let us take this law of life as it thus speaks to us to-day. It is not only that the chief grace of greatness is its simplicity, but it is that the way of simplicity is by single-minded devotion to great ends. If any man among us, old or young, wants to keep his spirit as a little child, and desires to outgrow all intellectual conceits and academic flippancy and self-sufficiency, there is but one way to do it. It is the way of devotion to truths and duties and aims, in the presence of which you are necessarily humbled

in your weakness and ignorance. What makes a man conceited and artificial and self-asserting is that he has not discovered the proportions of things. It is not his knowledge which puffs him up: it is his ignorance. It is not his superiority and maturity of mind: it is the mark of his ignorance and immaturity. He has discovered himself, but not that to which he has given himself. He is like a nebula just coming into shape as a planet, but has not yet discovered the system where his orbit is to be found. The great transition of any thoughtful life is when it passes thus from the way of self-culture into the way of service, and finds a centre of truth or of duty to which it may commit itself. Then it is that single-mindedness, seriousness, humility, simplicity, enter into life.

Finally, let us see this same devotion to high ends, which simplified this man's intellectual life, acting with the same clearness in his religion. How beautiful and helpful it was to those who care about religion to have this man for their ally I need not say. No attendant was more devoted to this chapel, no hearer more sympathetic, no adviser more generous. The simplicity of his religion was like the simplicity of his mind. It was the simple discovery of a centre of life larger than his own will, to which he might freely give himself. It was the simplicity "that is in Christ." The natural motion of his soul drew it to that centre of the Christian system. Ah! If religion could but offer itself to us all in this simple, uncomplicated, straightforward way! What is it that you want in the perplexities and distractions of your life, in its temptations and ambitions, its varied hopes and fears? You want to be drawn out of the control of all these diverse passions into the power of the supreme centre which gathers up your life into a system instead of leaving it as

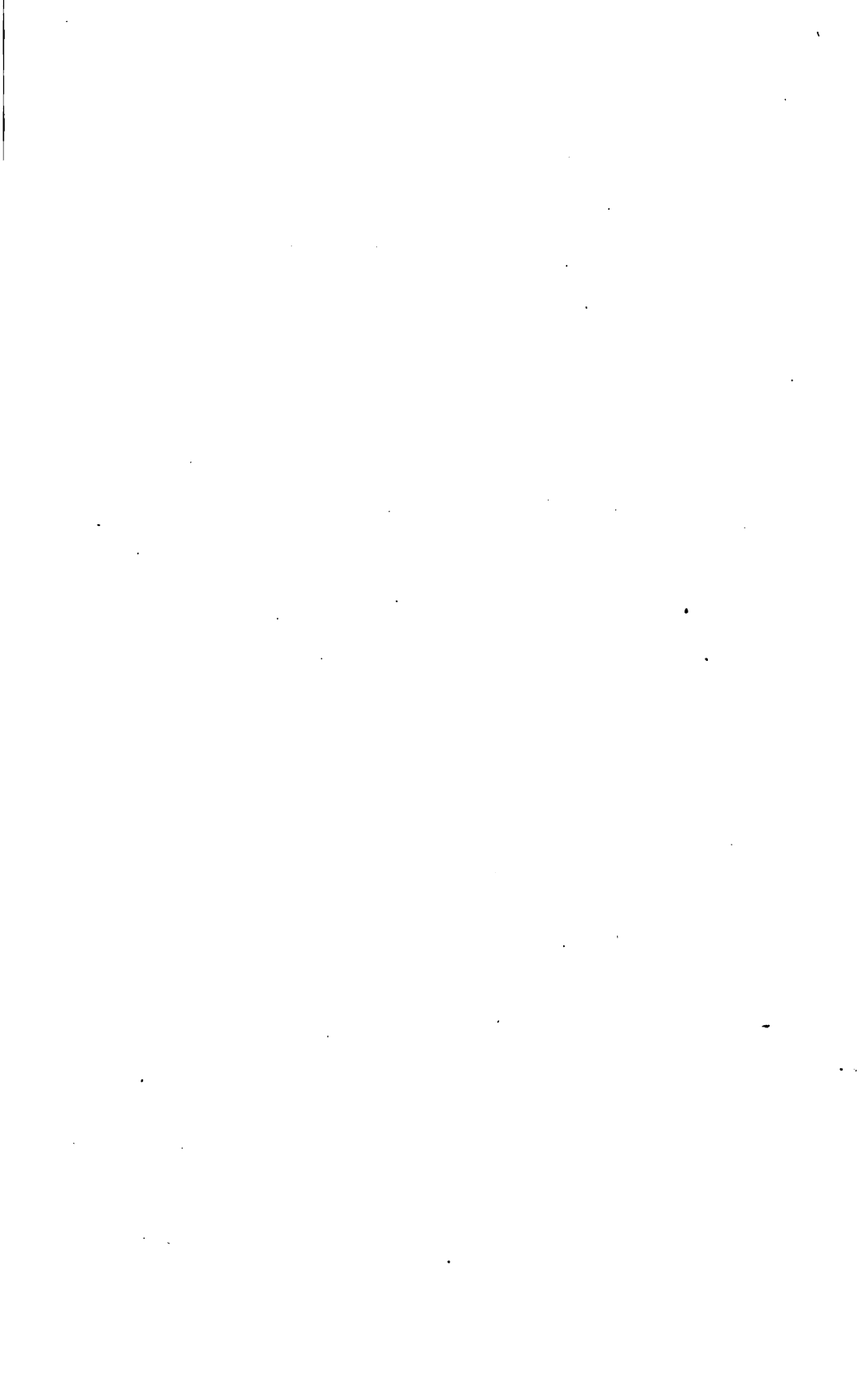
a chaos. That centre of life is what God is to the soul; it is what Christ is to the Christian.

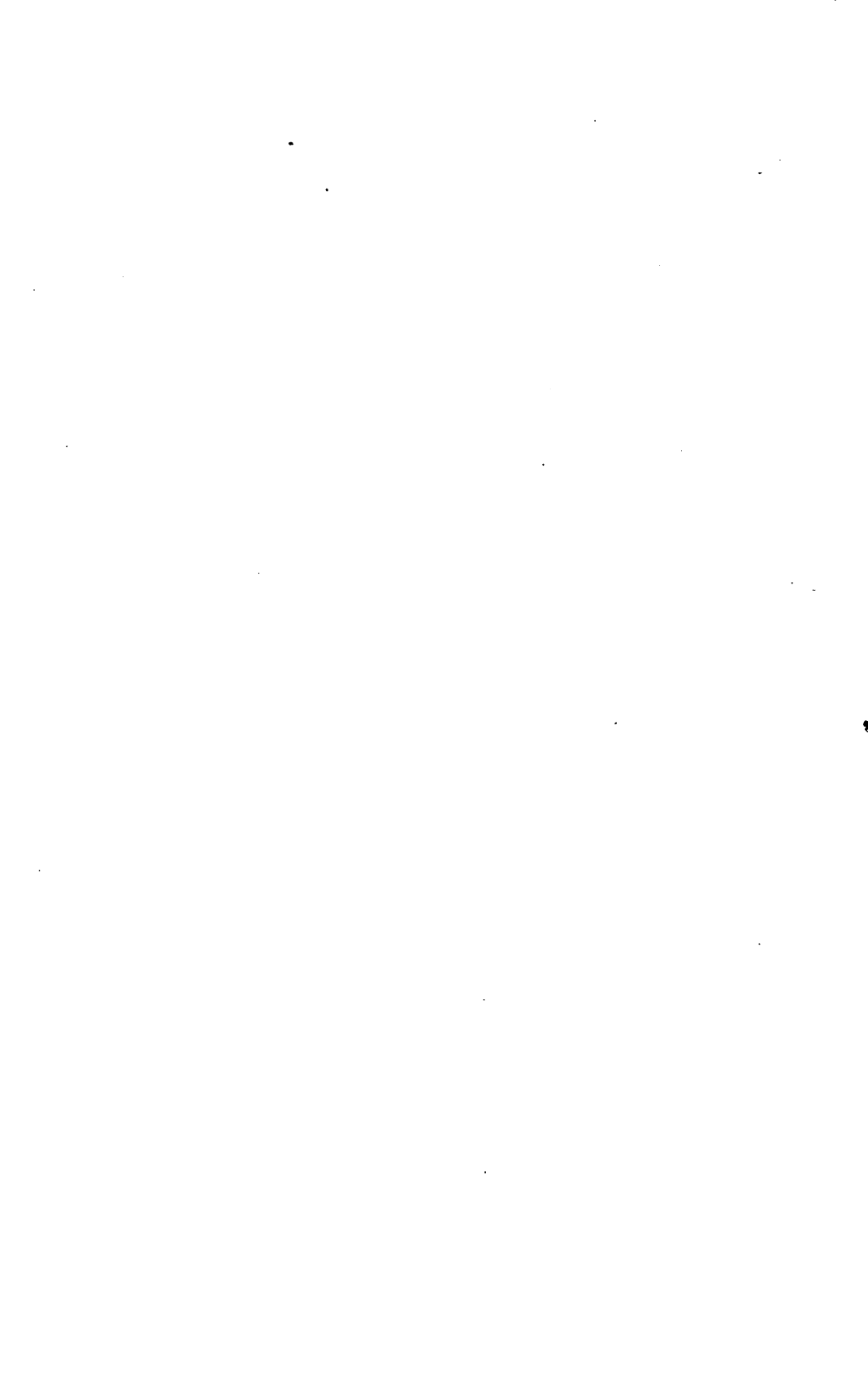
“Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,”

says the hymn, with scientific accuracy. Just as the worlds of Nature are drawn by the sun, so the natural life of man feels the power of spiritual attraction, and hears that word of the Master, “If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me.”

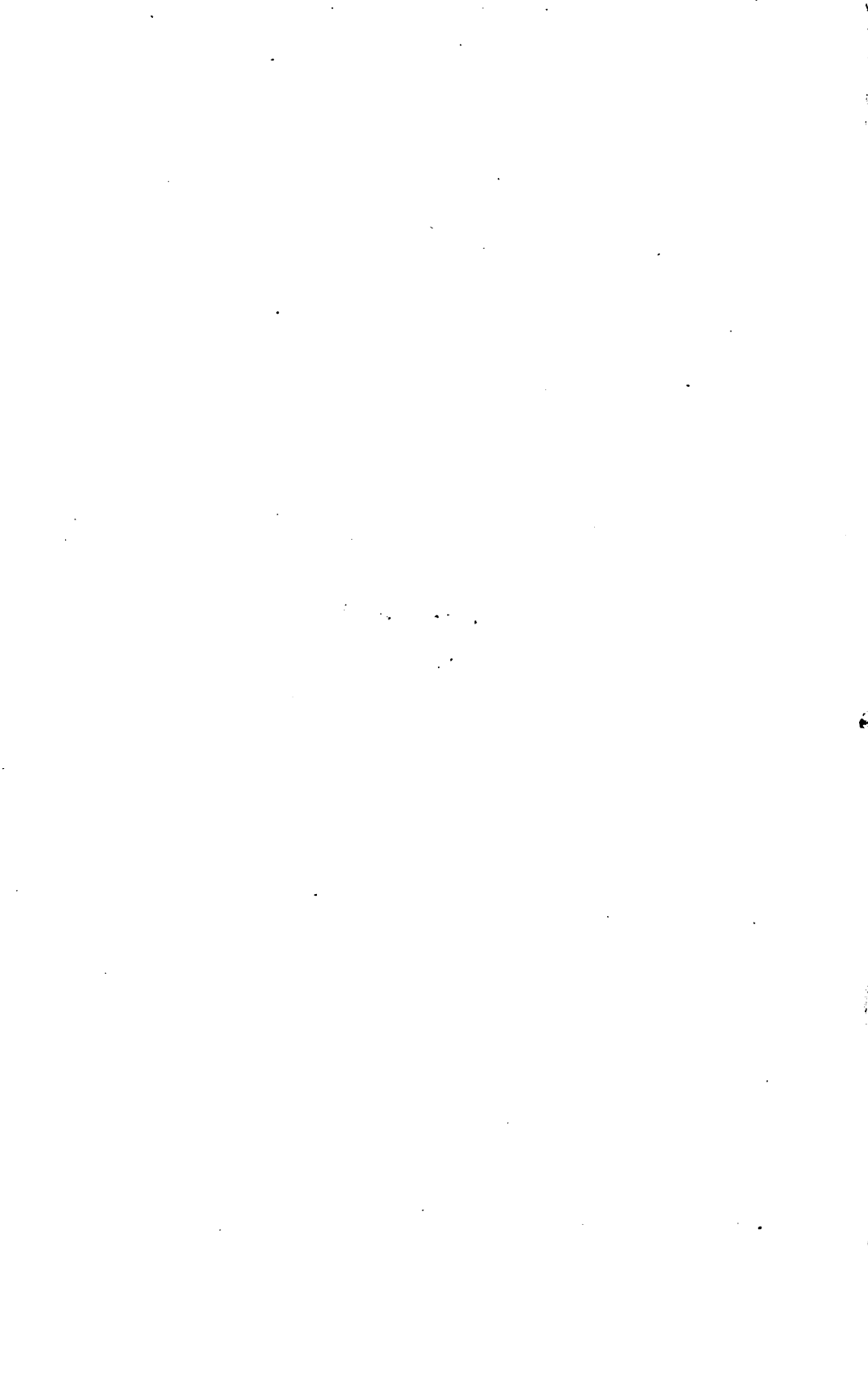
Such is the simplicity that is in Christ. It discovers its own smallness, because it has discovered that which is great. Its faith makes it humble. The vision of Christ, like the sense of scientific truth, drives away all self-sufficiency and all self-conceit, and leaves the spirit of the little child. When we see this in the life of a great man of science, we see that which gives greatness its completed charm; but it is no less true a teaching for every man among us. However far from great our lives must be, the charm of simplicity comes to all by the way of faith. It is the greatness of truth which keeps men humble. It is the sense of God that will save you from the sense of self. It is your loyalty to a Christian end of life which will set you free and keep you pure, and finally make you remembered among men as witnesses of the simplicity which is in Christ.











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